## Mothering Sammy

By Frank W. Getty

strictly against the United States army good home back in the States, and good home back in the States, and home not to question whether or not to give to the Y. M. C. A., but just not and gets drunk by himself just "I didn't know anything about the

for the fun of it.

But London is a big city and a lonesome one, and he'd lost his comrades
somewhere in the crowd, and he wasn't
quite sure of his way back to the hotel,
so he just wandered on. As he passed
under a street lamp a girl, a little slip
of a thing, with painted face and rouged

"I didn't know anything about the
"Y' back home," said another, "but the
first thing I'll do when I return is to
take a membership."

"The 'Y' has been a life saver," volunteered a third.
And so it goes. The thing the Americans who come over here miss the
most are the things the Y. M. C. A.
aims to supply. of a thing, with painted face and rouged lips, accosted him. Now, Sammy had a Pershing Believes head on his shoulders and he had a girl back home, but he was lonesome and he wavered, and just them some-

newcomer, had faded away into the shadows. Secretly relieved, he climbed into the car. The long arm of the American Young Men's Christian Association, familiarly known as the "Y," had reclaimed another American. This feature of the work, "patrolling," as it is called, consisting of picking up any stray soldiers who may have lost their way, is only a small factor in the work the Red Triangle is accomplishing.

On a cold dark meaning in August.

Check the long arm of the C. A. supplying all the necessary paraphernalia.

The "Y" has established clubs, cafés, hostels and information bureaus everywhere. It's hard to find a spot in France or England to-day where there are American troops and no signs pointing the way to the Red Triangle depot. Cafés for light refreshment and country to the trenches. In the latter the boys can buy the old familiar "smokes" that they decidedly prefer to the French to On a cold, dark morning in August,

On a cold, dark morning in August, ith a heavy rain falling in sheets and enetrating as only an English rain enetrating as only an English rain here somewhere, decidedly bewildered.

London, Dec. 18.

Sammy had been drinking. In fact, as he walked a somewhat laborious course up through Piccadilly Circus It was apparent that this particular American soldier had, in army vernacular, an "edge on."

There were two good reasons why Sammy shouldn't have been in that condition. In the first place, it's strictly against the United States army strictly against the United States army.

### In Athletic Training

Recreation, an all-important factor in the Sammies' lives when their day's work is over, is furnished by the games that the college men who are leading that the car to a stop with a grinding of brakes. The next instant a cheerful voice that sounded like home spoke in his ear:

"Hello, there, Sammy! It's kind of late. How about a ride down to the 'Y' and a cup of hot coffee before you turn in?"

The "Y" Had

Reclaimed Another

Sammy looked around. His companion, recognizing the stamp of the shadows. Secretly relieved, he climbed into the car. The long arm of the sense work is over, is furnished by the games that the college men who are leading that the college men who are leading the Red Triangle work in France organize. Down in the southern part of England, where a newly arrived detachment of troops is training, Wallie Trumbull, the old Harvard football captain, got up a game of football, which he umpired. Thousands of dollars worth of baseballs and gloves and bats have been ordered for the camps in France. All sorts of indoor, as well as outdoor, games are provided.

General Pershing is a great believer in the value of athletic training in warfare. And the general has speken in the highest terms of the work the "Y" is doing among his men. A "big league," with American and Canadlan teams from the different units, has its season well under way, with the Y. M. C. A. supplying all the necessary paraphernalia.

The "Y" has established clubs, cafés.

can, a detachment of New York engineers arrived at one of the American training camps. The men were wet through, chilled to the bone and absolutely miserable.

Instead of the cold comfort of a dreary camp site, they found a great Young Men's Christian Association hut, bustling with activity to make them comfortable. Great urns of hot coffee and heaps of buns were ready for them at the refreshment counter. Oil stoyes

There are sight-seeing trips ar-

THE LIVING HISTORY LESSON IN JAPAN



# Japan Cheers Ex-Jackie Who Helped "Open" Her

Last Survivor of Perry's Men, Who Wakened Flowery Kingdom in 1853. Revisits Scenes at Age of Eighty-two, and Is Acclaimed With Royal Honors

By Adachi Kinnosuke

N AMERICAN boy is now in Japan-just a fresh, unripe kid out on a lark. He is letting himself loose upon the entire Oriental the first international treaty, in a modern sense, Japan signed at Kanagawa-

And to tell the truth, Japan-both the people and the official world there-is States he was a free man. The minenjoying the treat of the captain's visit scure retired sea dog of but yesterday

street for the first part of the secretary of the Very control of the secretary of th

Commodore Perry's ships and menand he is five years older than you When Captain Hardy left the United

Spain Grows Rich Trading In War Goods

Catalonia Greatest Gainer by

Above is Captain Hardy, the last survivor of the men who were

with Commodore Perry when the

American Navy opened the gate

of the Flowery Kingdom, in 1853,

surrounded by Japanese school

first Americans landed. Below,

Captain Hardy, before the Perry

Monument, is addressing a crowd

### Among the Refugees

By Ruth Gaines

Grecourt, Somme, France, Nov. 18.

TE have been at Grécourt nearly six weeks, but I had never, until to-day, attempted to reonstruct in imagination our fireutted château. This was due in part o its ugliness, it being a mid-Vicorian brick building, outlined in gray tone. Besides, in the perfect autumn days of our first arrival, our attention was held by the lovely woods and gardens, ruined though they were.

To-day, however, the leaves have

fallen and the woods make a winter tracery against a scudding sky. The rain, too, falls in slant lines, and our baraques, so homelike in pleasant bed them in our cave. weather, begin to look an inadequate protection against the dampness and the cold. My path from the Lannoy anything from running the wheelbar farm, whither I had gone for butter, led past the side entrance to the lite is Marie, wife of Mmc. la Bar château, and my eye was caught by the great hooded fireplaces and tall times to Madame herself. But how chimneys within. Here, then, was the have the mighty fallen! So, at least, kitchen. Here, as the baronne's cook, runs Marie's tale. Her mistress's cha who now cooks for us, loves to narrate, teau, full of priceless pictures; her garwere prepared the meals which made dens, the pride of the region, in so cious sink and pump. Directly beneath in Spain and will never, never return. is the cellar. There doubtless were As for herself, her own lodge was stored the salads, the cauliflowers, the blown up by the unspeakable Boches: stored the salads, the cauliflowers, the cabbages, the potatoes, the leeks and the onions grown in the kitchen gardens of the estate. The great gardens of the estate. The great gardens remain even yet the most enchanting corner of the grounds. In the cellar also—regretful memory on a bitter day!—was the furnace which used to heat the spacious rooms above.

Life Emerges

From the Ruins

Now the cellar gapes, a half-open blown up by the unspeakable Boches; her husband is a soldier. She has only fifteen-year-old Marrice left to her and that only because she was clever. "Look you, I kept him with me.' she explains. "They took away only the workers. Me. I would not work for them, and Maurice—they thought he could not he was so faolish. La! La!"

Marie is temperamental. Perhaps cooking for sixteen Americaines and four soldiers, not to mention our constant stream of visitors, all on one store in a screened-off corner of a ruin, might account for it. But even how, when her house is repaired and the soldiers gone, she continues to dis-

Now the cellar gapes, a half-open Now the cellar gapes, a half-open ruin, beneath skeleton walls, its steel charge herself from our service a least twice a week. We regard it as of tons of fallen debris. As I turn that the other morning when we and concrete still bearing the weight of tons of fallen debris. As I turn away a sound of cheery voices rises from the interior, and Mme. Diane and little Georgette emerge, followed by "Mile. Louise" with her square tin lantern. The half light fails to hide the copper red of Georgette's hair and the redder spots of color in her cheeks. Her aunt, a sturdy figure, swings two shining milk pails in one hand, holds Georgette by the other and clatters off to milk the cows.

Mme. Diane is an institution with us at Grecourt. In the first place size is a speech. But the other morning when we were at breakfast she burst in in her best clothes, made a set speech in which she promised that she would never, never cook us another cook us another cook us another would never, never heat us another drop of water. We took this announcement somewhat more seriously than her other outbursts. Marie has the only cook stove in Grecourt: what if she really did go? We therefore petitioned a friendly officer for two soldiers and mounted our own stove to leeward, as it were, in the chest of the cook? We water at breakfast she burst in in her best clothes, made a set speech in which she promised that she would never, never cook us another would never, never heat us another drop of water. We took this announcement somewhat more seriously than her other outbursts. Marie has the only cook stove in Grecourt: what if she really did go? We therefore the only cook stove in Grecourt. We soldiers and mounted our own stove to leeward, as it were, in the best clothes, made a set speech in which she promised that she would never, never cook us another were dothers, made a set speech in which she promised that she would never, never cook us another were cook us another when the best clothes, made a set speech in which she promised that she were at breakfast she burst in in her best clothes, made a set speech in which she promised that she were at breakfast she burst in in her best clothes, made a set speech in which she promised that she would never, n

The Germans understood particularly well how to handle the Spanish market to best advantage. They did not waste at Grécourt. In the first place, she is the right-hand man of "Mlle. Louise," otherwise Miss Lewis, who is in charge afterward introduced, little by little, their own German specialties.

This is the only satisfactory method of developing a large business with Spaniards and Spanish speaking countries. It may easily be understood that in a country where at least 60 per cent of the population can mitther read nor write the demand is chiefly for lower grade goods.

The standard of commercial morality in Spain is not high, but, as everying Spain is not high spain

The set of or all the flamps of the control of the

mals, except the cows, were bought to

Naturally, housekeeping and farming dovetail into each other, as when break fast waits on "Mile. Louise's" cream. It is not often late, however; more fre is off on an early foraging tour in the vegetables. She has hundreds of kilos of pumpkins, carrots, turnips and potatoes ordered, and a number of bent. gray-haired farmers on call who have offered to come and show her how to

Her partner in keeping up our es-

tablishment is Miss Bennett, who does